

She's Special, You Know? by alltoowheeler

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Summary:

lucas asks for el's help asking max to the junior prom.

She's Special, You Know?

“Hey, El!” Lucas said as he pushed through the swarm of Hawkins high schoolers towards his friend, who turned around. “Yes?” she said.

“Um... so you know the prom is coming up and... I was wondering if...” he trailed off, trying to find words.

“Lucas, I’m going with Mike,” El said, confused.

“Oh, no, yeah, I know! That’s not what I meant at all, I just...” he sighed. “I want to ask Max to go with me and I need your help.”

“Okay.”

“Really?” Lucas said. “Great! Thank you, um, can you come to my house after school?”

“Yes,” El smiled and turned away, walking towards Max, who was standing at the end of the hall. She smiled at Lucas, her red hair glowing in the sun from the window.

Lucas grinned back and headed towards his next class.

“Oh hey, come in,” Lucas said, opening the door for El. She walked in and looked around. “So what are we doing?” she said.

“Um, I was thinking a sign or something? I just— I don’t really know.”

“A sign sounds nice.” El said.

“Okay,” he said. “Um, I’ll get paper and stuff.” He ran down to the basement and grabbed some supplies.

When he came upstairs, El was looking at a photo of him and Max from a few years before, the first year Max had lived in Hawkins. Her arm was around his shoulder, but it looked (and had felt) more like a headlock.

Lucas smiled. “Yeah, I like that picture.” He cleared his throat. “So, um here’s some stuff. Paper, markers, tape, glitter...”

El walked over and took some paper and spread it out on the table. “We should make it big.”

“Yeah,” said Lucas. “And... I want it to be... special, you know?”

El looked up. “I know.” She smiled, taping pieces of paper together.

“Oh. Um, okay,” Lucas said. He loved El, but her... knowingness still made him a little nervous sometimes. “I mean, I really like Max, like, a lot, and I don’t want to make things weird, but...”

He looked up. The paper was taped into a huge sheet, which was floating above the table. “Wow.”

El wiped her nose and let the paper fall. “Special?”

“Yeah,” he said, smiling. “That’s really special, El.” He picked up a marker. “Let’s get started.”

“Ready?” Lucas asked.

“Yes,” El said. It was the next morning before school, and they were hiding behind the bushes in front of Max’s house with the sign.

“Okay, she should be leaving in...” he looked at his watch. “Two minutes.” He tapped his fingers on his knee in anticipation. “Hey... thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” she said.

“No, really. It... it means a lot. You’re a really good friend, El.”

She smiled and squeezed his hand. “So are you.”

“I—” Lucas’s watch beeped. “Oh it’s 8:15, she’s coming.” El let go of his hand and closed her eyes. The sign lifted off the ground and floated gently towards the door, stopping a few feet in front of it. The

door opened.

Max stepped outside, looking at the ground and mumbling something under her breath. She locked the door behind her and turned around.

“Jesus Christ!” she yelped. The sign floated a foot away from her face, reading ~MAX~ WILL YOU GO TO THE PROM WITH ME? in large sparkling letters. El had drawn various stars and shapes around the words. Lucas held his breath.

A smile broke over Max’s face. “Lucas?” She looked around the yard. “Did you do this?”

Lucas stood up sheepishly, El following suit. “Hey.”

“Shit, you guys scared me,” she laughed, walking towards them. “... Thanks, though. I– it was a bad morning.”

“El helped too,” Lucas added hurriedly. “Yeah, I figured you didn’t develop telekinetic powers just to ask me out,” said Max. “Thanks, El.”

“You’re welcome. I’m going to meet Mike.” El waved at them and started walking towards the bus stop.

“...Why was it a bad morning?” asked Lucas. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Max said. “Just Billy, and Dad, and everyone I guess. Not really much worse than usual.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Thanks,” Max said. “So. Prom?”

“Uh, yeah,” Lucas said. “I mean, if you want–”

“Oh, definitely,” Max smiled. “I’m not wearing a dress, though. Think you can deal with that?”

“Sounds perfect,” Lucas said, his smile threatening to split his face.

“You wanna walk to school?” she asked.

“Aren’t we gonna be late?”

“You know, today I don’t really care,” she said, grinning.

“Do you ever?” He kissed her cheek.

“True,” Max laughed. She laced her fingers through his and they walked down the sidewalk; slowly, like they were the only two people in the world.